The Caledonian.

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THE CALEDONIAN.

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A CUTTING ARGUMENT.—In a speech recently made in Brooklyn, Frederick Douglas, in referring to a declaration made by Henry Ward Beecher, some years ago, that if he could abolish slavery on the instant, or by waiting twenty-five years, could have it so abolished that its overthrow would wholly redound to the glory of the christian church, he would prefer the latter, said: "I presume Mr. Beecher was entirely sincere in this preference; and yet if I were a Maryland slave-holder, and Mr. Beecher were my slave, and I had a rawhide, I could take this opinion out of him in less than half an hour."

AUTOGRAPHS.—Josh Billings expresses his views on the subject of autographs concisely. He thus replies to an anxious correspondent who asked for his autograph: "We never furnish ortograffs in less quantities than bi the packig. It is a biziness that grate men have got into, but it don't strike us az being profitable nor amusing. We furnished a near and very dear friend our ortograff, a few years ago, for 90 days, and it got into the hands of the banks, and it kost us $275 tew get it back. We went out of bizness then, and have not hankered for it sense."

Every bear should be taught to dance, for what is the use of bruin without hops?

Why is a petroleum speculator like the Secretary of the navy? Because he is giddy on wells. (Gideon Welles.)

The mayor of a Western town proposes to kill half the dogs in the place, and tan their hides with the bark of the other half.

The Puritan of 1863.

FROM THE NEW YORK OBSERVER.

BY MRS. R. D. C. ROBBINS, MIDDLEBURY, VT.

It was in the early part of October —, that the Rev. Mr. Allan started to walk to Farmer Owen's over the hills. He had to cross two low spurs of the Green Mountains, and as he climbed to the top of the second the rich valley of the Otter Creek lay spread out before him. At any other time he would have stopped to admire its gentle undulations: its great flower garden of forest trees, rich in every color and hue; its silver threads winding their way to the waters of the Champlain, and the glorious autumn light which lay like a golden mantle over them all. But this afternoon he seemed oppressed by the beauty which surrounded him. He looked upon it with eyes misty from tears. There was a dull, heavy weight upon his heart—a weight which even the long, fervent prayers that he had uttered so unceasingly since noon had failed to move. Between him and that landscape, we might almost say, between him and the mercy seat, there moved a slight, tall boy, with a laughing blue eye, clustering brown hair, and lips always ready with a merry, pleasant word. To-day, there was Benny, nutting under the bare, brawny arms of the butternut tree; throwing his line into the little brooks that came babbling down from the steep mountain side; driving his cows along the narrow foot path; standing with Blossom under the bright maple, and shouting with pride and joy as she wreathed her pretty face in the gay leaves.

"Oh, Bennie! Bennie!" Mr. Allan hardly knew he was calling the name, until it came back to him with such an empty, mocking sound, from the heartless echo: "almost"— Mr. Allan thought, startling himself by the seeming impiety of the words—"almost as if there were no great, kind Father over us all."

As he came near Farmer Owen's house, he saw his oxen yoked to the plow. He knew they had been there since the telegraph came. Mr. Owen had read it in the field, gone to the house and forgotten them, and no one had dared to put them up. He was a man fully capable of taking care of his own affairs under any circumstances, never having been known before to forget.

Mr. Allan beckoned to an Irishman who was passing, and asked him to take care of them. The man came with an awed look upon his face, as if even there he stood in the presence of a great sorrow, and without the least noise obeyed.

Mr. Allan walked on slowly toward the house. He had known Mr. Owen for many years, and he knew him well. Indeed there was a peculiar bond of sympathy between the two men. In all his large parish there was not one upon whom the minister relied as he did upon the strong, sturdy farmer. Many and many an hour he had walked by his side when he was upturning the brown earth, and had discoursed with him on topics which would have sounded harsh and repulsive to common ears, but which were fraught with deep and vital interest to them. Mr. Owen was a direct descendant of the puritans, and every drop of blood in his veins was tinged with as strong and true a "blue," as if he himself had landed in the Mayflower. He took naturally to the sterner doctrines of religion, while Mr. Allan, versed in all the modern lore, questioned and doubted. The key-stone of Mr. Owen's theology was the sovereignty of God:—"Shall not the Judge of all the world do right?" This was the man upon whom God had now laid his hand so heavily; and Mr. Allan felt that if the trial brought no murmur, no rebellion against that mighty Sovereign, the stern old faith was indeed a rich one in which to live and die. He knew that one element in this war was puritan. Sons of the Roundheads filled up the ranks of the northern army. They marched to battle to strains of the old tunes that had lingered in the nursery and the sanctuary from the day that Cromwell and his soldiers chanted them on Marston Moor. All down the aisles of time came tramping to the music, mailed men, bearing on their shields the two words, Liberty and Equality. They trembled on Mr. Owen's lips with his parting blessing to his boy. Would he remember them, and would they comfort and give him strength now?

Where there is affliction in a house, the minister is at home. Mr. Allan entered without knocking, and made his way to the large, old fashioned kitchen in which he was sure of finding the family.

There, by a table, with his arms folded and laid heavily upon it, sat Mr. Owen. His wife was in a small rocking chair by the fire, and Blossom, a young girl, sat between them.

Mr. Owen rose to welcome him: so did Blossom; but the wife did not notice him—she sat still, rocking herself to and fro, looking at the blazing fire.

Mr. Allan put a hand in the brawny one that was held out toward him, and laid the other on Mr. Owen's great heaving breast. "My friend," he said, "how is it with the decrees of God?"

"Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints," faltered out the man.

There was something strange in his voice—a thin, womanly sound, so unlike the deep, stentorian tones in which he had always spoken before. Mr. Allan, when he heard it, almost felt as if it had dealt him a blow.

"Thank God!" He has not, then, forsaken you, and from the depths of this deep trouble you can still say, 'The Maker of all doeth well.'"

"Yes, yes,"—and for an instant there glimmered from his dull eye a spark of the old controversial fire—"you don't suppose I have held on to that anchor when the skies were cloudless, and the little waves just rocked my bark, to let alone of it now—now, when the great waves and billows are going over me, do you? I've planted it firm, and it don't yield: no, it don't yield, but the strain is terrible. God send it may carry me into port: oh, Mr. Allan, say it will. It has seemed to me to-day so dark, so wonderful, so inscrutable, that he—my Bennie! Mr. Allan, there is a good, wise purpose behind it all. Can you see it?"

"To bring you nearer the kingdom," said the minister.

"Oh, don't tell me that: I can't bear it. God is too wise: He knows a hundred such souls as mine are not worth one of my Bennie's. I can suffer if I am too great a sinner for God's grace to save, but Bennie! Bennie!! I have sat here all day, since the news came, wondering, wondering, he was so good a son,"—and Mr. Owen's voice grew almost inarticulate in its emotion,—"such a dear, precious, noble boy! I thought, when I gave him to his country, that not a father in all this broad land made so precious a gift—no, not one. God forgive me if my grief is a sin. Mr. Allan, the dear boy only slept a minute, just one little minute, at his post; I know that was all, for Bennie never dozed over a duty. How prompt and reliable he was!" and Mr. Owen's eye wandered out over the brown fields with such a perplexed, wondering look. "I know he only fell off one little second: he was so young and not strong, that boy of mine. Why, he was as tall as I, and only eighteen! and now they shoot him because he was found asleep when doing sentinel duty." Mr. Owen repeated these words slowly, as if endeavoring to find out their true meaning: "Twenty-four hours, the telegraph said—only twenty-four hours. Where is Bennie now?"

"We will hope, with his Heavenly Father," said Mr. Allan, soothingly.

"Yes, yes, let us hope: God is very merciful, and Bennie was so good—I do not mean holy," he said correcting himself sharply; "there is none holy—no, not one—but Jesus died for sinners. Mr. Allan, tell me that. Oh, Bennie, Bennie!"

The mother raised herself as she heard his name called, and, turning, said, with a smile: "Don't call so loud, father. Bennie is not far off: he will come soon."

"God laid his hand on them both, you see," said Mr. Owen, pointing to her, without making any direct reply. "She has not been justly herself since. It is a merciful thing she is sort of stunned, it seems to me: she makes no wail. Poor mother! if my heart was not broken it would almost kill me to see her so. Bennie was her idol. I told her often, God had said, 'Thou shalt have no gods before me.'"

Mr. Allan looked in astonishment at the bowed man as he came now and stood before him. These few hours had done the work of years. The sinewy frame was tottering, the eyes were dimmed, and the sudden sorrow had written itself in deep wrinkles all over his manly face. He recognized the power of the great, kind heart, simple and almost childlike in its innocent, clinging affection: how could this be reconciled with the stern, strong head—the head that to the common observer outlined the character of the man? "God have mercy on you: He is trying you in a furnace seven times heated," he exclaimed, almost involuntarily.

"'I should be ashamed, father!' he said, 'when I am a man, to think I never used this great right arm,'—and he held it out so proudly before me,—'for my country when it needed it. Palsy it, rather, than keep it at the plow.'

"'Go, Bennie, then go, my boy,' I said 'and God keep you.' God has kept him, I think Mr. Allan!" and the farmer repeated these last words slowly, as if, in spite of his head, his heart doubted them.

"Like the apple of his eye, Mr. Owen, doubt it not!"

Blossom had sat near them listening, with blanched cheek. She had not shed a tear to-day, and the terror in her face had been so very still no one had noticed it. She had occupied herself mechanically in the household cares, which her mother's condition devolved entirely upon her.—Now she answered a gentle tap at the kitchen door, opening it to receive from a neighbor's hand a letter. "It is from *him*" was all she said.

'Twas like a message from the dead. Mr. Owen could not break the seal for his trembling fingers, and held it toward Mr. Allan with the helplessness of a child.

The minister opened it, and, obedient to a motion from the father, read as follows:

"DEAR FATHER:—When this reaches you I shall be in eternity. At first, it seemed awful to me; but I have thought about it so much now that it has no terror. They say they will not bind me, nor blind me, but that I may meet my death like a man. I thought, father, it might have been on the battle field, for my country, and that, when I fell, it would be fighting gloriously; but to be shot down like a dog for nearly betraying it, to die for neglect of duty!—oh, father, I wonder the very thought does not kill me. But I shall not disgrace you. I am going to write you all about it, and, when I am gone, you may tell my comrades. I can't now.

"You know I promised Jemmy Carr's mother I would look after her boy, and when he fell sick, I did all I could for him. He was not strong when he was ordered back into the ranks, and the day before *that* night, I carried all his luggage, beside my own, on our march. Toward night we went in on double quick, and though the luggage began to feel very heavy, everybody else was tired too, and as for Jemmy, if I had not lent him an arm, now and then, he would have dropped by the way. I was all tired out when we came into camp, and then it was Jemmy's turn to be sentry, and I would take his place, but I was too tired, father. I could not have kept awake if I had a gun at my head, but I did not know it until—well, until it was too late."

"God be thanked," interrupted Mr. Owen reverently, "I knew Bennie was not the boy to sleep carelessly at his post."

"They tell me to-day that I have a short reprieve, given to me by circumstances, 'time to write to you,' our good colonel says. Forgive him, father, he only does his duty. he would gladly save me if he could, and don't lay my death up against Jemmy. The poor boy is broken hearted, and does nothing but beg and entreat them to let him die in my stead.

"I can't bear to think of mother and Blossom, Comfort them, father. Tell them I die as a brave boy should, and that when the war is over, they will not be ashamed of me as they must be now.—God help me, it is very hard to bear. Goodbye, father. God seems near and dear to me, not at all as if he wished me to perish forever, but as if he felt sorry for his poor, sinful, broken hearted child, and would take him to be with him and my savior, in a better—better life."

A great sob burst from Mr. Owen's heart. "Amen!" he said solemnly. "Amen!"

"To-night in the early twilight I shall see the cows all coming home from pasture. Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet; old Billy, too, will neigh to me from his stall, and precious little Blossom stand on the back stoop waiting for me—but I shall never—never come. God bless you all; forgive your poor BENNIE."

Late that night the door of the "back stoop" opened softly and a little figure glided out, and down the foot path that led to the road by the mill. She seemed rather flying than walking, turning her head neither to the right nor the left: starting not, as the full moon stretched queer, fantastic shapes all around her, looking only now and then, to heaven, and folding her hands as if in prayer.

Two hours later, the same young girl stood at the Mill Depot, watching the coming of the night train, and the conductor, as he reached down to lift her in, wondered at the sweet, tear stained face that was upturned toward the dim lantern that he held in his hand.

A few questions and ready answer, told him all, and no father could have cared more tenderly for his only child, than he, for our little Blossom.

She was on her way to Washington to ask President Lincoln for her brother's life. She had stolen away, leaving only a note to tell her father where, and why she had gone. She had brought Bennie's letter with her; no good, kind heart like the president's, could refuse to be melted by it.

The next morning they reached New York, and the conductor found suitable company for Blossom, and hurried her on to Washington. Every minute now, might be a year in her brother's life.

And so, in an incredibly short space of time, Blossom reached the capital and was hurried at once to the White House.

The president had but just seated himself to his morning's task of overlooking and signing important papers, when, without one word of announcement, the door softly opened and Blossom, with eyes downcast and folded hands, stood before him.

"Well, my child," he said in his pleasant cheery tones, "what do you want so bright and early in the morning?"

"Bennie's life, please sir," faltered out Blossom.

"Bennie? Who is Bennie?"

"My brother, sir. They are going to shoot him for sleeping at his post."

"Oh, yes," and Mr. Lincoln ran his eye over the papers before him. "I remember. It was a fatal sleep. You see, child, it was at a time of special danger. Thousands of lives might have been lost by his culpable negligence."

"So my father said," said Blossom gravely, "but poor Bennie was so tired, sir, and Jemmy so weak. He did the work of two, sir, and it was Jemmy's night, not his, but Jemmy was too tired, and Bennie never thought about himself, that he was too tired."

"What is this you say, child? come here, I don't understand," and the kind man caught eagerly, as ever, to what seemed to be a justification of an offense.

Blossom went to him: he put his hand tenderly on her shoulder and turned up the pale, anxious face toward his. How tall he seemed, and he was president of the United States, too! A dim thought of this kind passed for a moment through Blossom's mind, but she told her story now simply and straightforward, and handed Mr. Lincoln Bennie's letter to read.

He read it carefully, then taking up his pen, wrote a few hasty lines, and rang his bell.

Blossom heard this order given: "Send this dispatch at once."

The president then turned to the girl and said: 'Go home, my child, and tell that father of yours, who could approve his country's sentence, even when it took the life of a child like that, that Abraham Lincoln thinks the life far too precious to be lost. Go back, or—wait until to-morrow; Bennie will need change after he has so bravely faced death, he shall go with you."

"God bless you sir," said Blossom; and who shall doubt that God heard and registered the request.

Two days after this interview the young soldier came to the White House with his little sister. He was called into the president's private room, and a strap fastened "upon the shoulder," Mr. Lincoln said, "that could carry a sick comrade's baggage and die for the good act so uncomplainingly." Then Bennie and Blossom took their way to their Green Mountain home, and a crowd gathered at the Mill Depot to welcome them back, and Farmer Owen's tall head towered above them all, and as his hand grasped that of his boy, Mr. Allan heard him say fervently, as the holiest blessing he could pronounce upon his child: "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints."

That night, Daisy, and Brindle, and Bet came lowing home from pasture, for they hear a well known voice calling them at the gate; and Bennie, as he pats his old pets and looks lovingly in their great brown eyes, catches through the still evening air his puritan father's voice as he repeats to his happy mother these jubilant words: "Fear not, for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, give, and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth, every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory; I have formed him, yea, I have made him."

In at the Bottom.

In at the bottom, is a phrase which is, undoubtedly, readily understood by the business men of Boston. We have had some experience in this line for the last three years. We have lost no money by that experience, however, yet we doubt if any one who has gone in at the bottom can say as much, and that their experience has not been costly and vexatious. When we contemplate the vast amount of money we might have made, if we had believed the stories of those who have waited upon us and who have insisted upon throwing two or three millions of filthy lucre into our treasury if we would only consent to allow them to do so, we are amazed at our stupidity and want of sagacity. How we might have rolled in wealth and retired to private life, relieved from the cares and burdens of business and publishing a newspaper for a living. When we consider all these things and contemplate how we might have traveled into foreign countries, have passed our summers in London and our winters in Paris, had we gone in at the bottom in petroleum, in silver mines, in gold mines, in copper mines and paper collars, we feel humiliated and dejected. How can we feel otherwise? Let us explain how we have lost fortunes upon fortunes in consequence of our dogged obstinacy and fear of a little responsibility. A very dear and particular friend of ours called at our sanctum, who had secured two hundred acres of land in Pennsylvania which was full of the richest veins of coal known throughout the coal regions of that state. He and two other gentlemen, one of whom was a resident of Philadelphia, the other a New Yorker worth one million, and himself, were the sole owners of lessees of this valuable property. The amount which they had agreed to pay the original owner was two hundred thousand dollars. Each of the three were to put in fifty thousand each, which would make one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and all they wanted was fifty thousand more to control the property. Our very dear friend had looked about him for a suitable person to be admitted into the concern, who should come in at the bottom; and he had come to the conclusion that we were just the man. He told us how they proposed to purchase the property for two hundred thousand, then make the capital one million of dollars, which they could easily dispose of in the market and which would put two hundred thousand into our pocket as our share. This great and gigantic enterprise was to be called the Pennsylvania, Susquehannah, Lachawanna, Alleghany and Philadelphia coal mine and transportation company. We were delighted with our friend, and astonished at the magnitude of this mammoth affair. He told us we were a fool to plod along publishing a newspaper merely to get three meals per day and a place to sleep, while we could ride in our carriage and live like a king the remainder of our days by coming in at the bottom in this grand scheme. We suggested that fifty thousand dollars was more money than we had laying round loose and at our disposal, and should be obliged to decline his generous offer on this account. He said this need make no difference, as our note for the amount was perfectly good, and he could raise the money on it easy in State street, where our credit, he was pleased to say, was A 1. We did not see it exactly in that light, and declined that proposition also, and regretted that our inability to raise the money must be our excuse for not going in at the bottom. Some time after we met this dear friend, who then had a seedy look, whereupon we inquired of him about that coal mine. He replied, "D—n the coal mine—it has gone up, and the *bottom* is knocked out." His New York and Philadelphia friends had deceived him. He had made an examination of the coal mountain, and it was full of rocks and nothing else.

Another dear friend had a splendid silver mine in Nevada—really a good thing. Judge Wickham, a shrewd business man, had been over it and knew all about it. Big thing, a fortune for those who went in at the bottom. As a particular favor they were disposed to allow us to come in at the bottom and we should be made president of the Nevada, Reese River, Colorado and Pumpkin Valley Silver Mining company. The capital was to be one million of dollars, to be thrown upon the Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Buffalo markets. It was only necessary to raise one hundred thousand dollars for a working capital to pay for surveys, stamps, mills, &c. Professor Sillyman had made a geological survey of the property and pronounced it the best mine in the Rocky Mountain region; so it was a sure thing any way and we run no risk in coming in at the bottom. Having no money to invest in the Pumpkin Valley enterprise, we were under the disagreeable necessity of declining the offer of our dear friend, also the presidency, greatly to his astonishment. How the managers succeeded with others in letting them in at the bottom, we have not been informed.

Another dear friend had got a sure thing in the petroleum line. He also was anxious to let us in the bottom: as a particular favor, we need not pay one dollar down. He wanted to use our name, which he was kind enough to say would be of great service to him in inducing others to subscribe. His oil farm was on Oil creek, near Pithole. A well had been sunk on a neighboring lot which was flowing a thousand barrels per day, and the owners had refused five millions of dollars for the well and ten acres of land, which they could sell and have one hundred acres left. He was confident the concern he represented would "strike ile" in two weeks certain, when his fortune was made, and ours too, if we would come in at the bottom. We did not place so high an estimate on the influence which our name would give to the concern as our friend was pleased to express toward us, we modestly declined to engage in the enterprise—and so lost a fortune.

Another friend had got a sure thing in the same line in California. It was patronized by all the leading congressmen from the Pacific states, and had the recommendation of the freedmen's aid society. Gentlemen of the highest respectability and influence were in at the bottom, and he had been authorized to call on us to say we might be permitted to come in at the bottom as a particular favor. We were reluctantly compelled to decline the generous offer, and give as an excuse the emptiness of our exchequer. He only wanted ten thousand down, and would take our note for three months for the balance. This however, we declined, expressing our thanks for the distinguished consideration which he and the distinguished gentlemen connected with him in the enterprise had conferred upon one so unworthy his and their notice.

Our last opportunity to make an everlasting fortune with a small amount of capital was a new paper collar manufactory. This new concern was to be conducted upon an entirely new principle, quite different from those now in operation. It was to be called the Hydraulic, Perpendicular, Square-edge Paper Collar company. The new principle consisted chiefly in the fact that the more you put in the less you take out. Our friend explained the *modus operandi* of this new invention, which was so intricate, however, that we failed to appreciate its great advantages, so declined to go in at the bottom. He mentioned several gentlemen and firms well known to the mercantile world who had gone in at the bottom, and in this way sought to induce us to invest in this money-making affair. Our poverty, however, compelled us to decline his offer, as it had others, and thus we find ourselves compelled to run the old machine and to be satisfied with quick sales and small profits being satisfied in this particular that we are in at the bottom.—*Boston Herald.*

From the Burlington Free Press.

The Old Vermont Brigade.

The New York Citizen of last Saturday contains the following sketch of the 1st Vermont brigade, by "one who did not belong to it, and who never was in Vermont," and who the editor of the Citizen says is a major general in the army of the Potomac. Who this may be we know not: but he evidently has no intention of flattering the Vermonters, while he yet accords them the highest praise for some of their qualities as soldiers—for what higher can there be, in the respects mentioned, than to say that they were "the best brigade in the army of the Potomac," that "they fought *as well as it was possible to fight*," and that they "could out-march with ease any organization in the army." Some of his unfavorable adjectives are doubtless just, and others not so. The boys of the old brigade were doubtless familiar with their officers; but they were not incorrigible or disobedient. It was *because* they could always be relied on to obey orders that discipline was often relaxed among them, and was as a whole less strict than in many other less trusted regiments. Their officers knew that they could safely allow them liberties, which would have been the ruin of all efficiency in some troops. Nor were they generally demoralized by the service—the way in which they have returned to their homes and settled down into orderly and law-abiding citizens is evidence enough of that. It is also incorrect that the conduct of the brigade in holding a skirmish line against a line of battle, after the battle of Gettysburg, has never appeared in print. That remarkable performance was mentioned in the official reports at the time, and is fully described in Adjutant General Washburn's published report. With these exceptions this major general gives a truthful and at all events very lively and readable account of the Old Vermont brigade:

"They were honest farmers turned vagabonds. They were simple countrymen changed into heroes. They were quiet townsmen that had become rovers. They stole ancient horses and bony cows on the march. They pillaged moderately in other things. They swept the dairies and they stripped the orchards for miles where they traveled. They chased rabbits when they went into camp after long marches, and they yelled like wild Indians when neighboring camps were silent through fatigue. They were ill disciplined and familiar with their officers. They swaggered in a cool, impudent way, and looked down with a patronizing Yankee coolness upon all regiments that were better drilled, and upon that part of the army generally that did not belong to the Vermont brigade. They were strangely proud, not of themselves individually, but of the brigade collectively; for they knew perfectly well that they were the best fighters in the known world. They were long of limb, and could out-march the army. They were individually self-reliant and skillful in the use of arms, and they honestly believed that the Vermont brigade could not be beaten by all the combined armies of the rebellion.

They were veterans in fighting qualities almost from their first skirmish. This was at Lee's Mills. They crossed a narrow dam under a fire, made the attack they were instructed to make, and came back wading deep in the water with a steadiness that surprised the army. They were an incorrigible, irregular, noisy set of rascals. They were much sworn at during their four years of service; yet they were at all times a pet brigade.—There were but two things they could do—march and fight; and this they did in a manner peculiarly their own. They had a long, slow, swinging stride on the march which distanced everything that followed them. They had a quiet, earnest, attentive, individual way of fighting that made them terrible in battle. Each man knew that his neighbor in the ranks was not going to run away, and he also knew that he himself intended to remain where he was. Accordingly none of the attention of the line was directed from the important duty of loading and firing, rapidly and carefully. When moving into action and while hotly engaged they made queer, quaint jokes, and enjoyed them greatly. They crowed like cocks, they ba-a-ed like sheep, they neighed like horses, they bellowed like bulls, they barked like dogs, and they counterfeited with excellent effect the indescribable music of the mule. When, perchance, they held a picket line in a forest it seemed as if Noah's ark had gone to pieces there.

In every engagement in which this brigade took part, it was complimented for gallant conduct. One of the most remarkable of its performances, however, has never appeared in print, nor has it been noticed in the reports. After the battle of Gettysburg, when Lee's army was in the vicinity of Hagerstown and the Antietam, the Vermont brigade was deployed as a skirmishing line, covering a point of nearly three miles. The enemy were in force in front near Beaver creek. The sixth corps was held in readiness in rear of the skirmish line, anticipating a general engagement. The enemy had evidently determined to attack. At last his line of battle came forward. The batteries opened at once and the skirmishers delivered their fire. Our troops were on the alert and stood watching for the skirmishers to come in and waiting to receive the coming assault. But the skirmishers would not come in, and when the firing died away it appeared that the Vermonters thus deployed as a skirmish line had actually repulsed a full line-of-battle attack. Twice afterwards the enemy advanced to carry the position and were each time again driven back by this perverse skirmish line. The Vermonters it is true were strongly posted in a wood, and each man fired from behind a tree. But then everybody knows that the etiquette in such matters is for a skirmish line to come in as soon as they are satisfied that the enemy means business. These simple-minded patriots from the Green Mountains, however, adopted a rule of their own on this occasion: and the enemy, disgusted with such stupidity, retired across the Beaver creek.

When the Vermonters led a column on a march, their quick movements had to be regulated from corps or division headquarters, to avoid gaps in the column as it followed them. If a rapid or forced march were required, it was a common thing for Sedgwick to say with a quiet smile—'Put the Vermonters at the head of the column to-day and keep everything well closed up.'

After the riots in New York, when it was found necessary to send troops to the city and prevent a recurrence of the outbreak, the Vermont brigade was specially named by the war department for this duty. Within two hours after the receipt of the dispatch, the command was *en route* for the city. They occupied the public squares here for some time, enjoyed themselves not wisely, nor yet virtuously; and returned to the army of the Potomac sadly demoralized in all but the two great essential qualities of fighting and marching. It was a fortunate thing for the New York mob that it avoided a conflict with the New England troops at that time.

Upon the return of the brigade to the field they quietly held on to their old routine of life and maintained to the close of the war the splendid reputation they had won at the very outset.

There were many regiments equal to the Vermont regiments in actual battle, and some that, like the 5th New York, not only equaled them in fighting qualities, but greatly surpassed them in drill, discipline and appearance on parade. As a brigade, however, they were undoubtedly the best brigade in the army of the Potomac, for they not only fought as well as it was possible to fight, but they could outmarch with the utmost ease any other organization in the army.

It was the intention of the writer only to refer to this brigade as furnishing the best type of the American soldier, but this article has grown beyond its intended limit, and we have therefore not the space to examine into the causes of this superiority. Two, however, may be briefly stated. First, that the regiments from Vermont were brigaded together. This rule, strange to say, seemed to work well only in regard to the smaller states, like Vermont and New Jersey. Second, the fact that Vermont during the first year of the war recruited for her regiments and kept them full. Regimental and company officers, knowing that their ranks would be filled up, discharged men freely, and thus managed to get rid of their weak and worthless soldiers. For these reasons the Vermonters were good men. They were fortunate, moreover, in having such commanders as Gen. W. F. Smith and Gen. W. T. Brooks. It naturally resulted from this combination of circumstances that they became a great power in battle, and earned a reputation of which every man and woman in Vermont may well be proud."

Three hundred pretty girls dance almost nude in one of the theatres in Paris. The public is said to be "shocked," and ask where are the police.